The Bait

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The Bait

by MyCorruptionArc

Summary

Hannibal sends Will love letters from the BSHCI. Will doesn't want them.

Inspired by this amazing tweet.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Will knows he doesn't have much time before Molly returns but he also can't bring himself to open the letter straight away.

It had arrived earlier that morning. A thick ivory envelope with "Mr W. Graham" on the front. There was no return address on the back but he knows that flowing copperplate script better than his own handwriting.

It's not the first letter he's received from Hannibal in the years they've been apart so he already has some idea of its contents. "Dearest Will" it will start. Or maybe "Mylimasis". Or, perhaps, the one that makes him clench his fist and exhale a shaky breath, "My darling boy".

Deciding he's prolonged the inevitable long enough, he rips it open, deliberately tearing the envelope. It's a futile "fuck you" to Hannibal for attempting to force Will to think about him, as if he wouldn't cast a shadow over Will's every thought, waking or otherwise, even without the letters.

Will's eyes run over the words. He recognises snatches of poetry. There's a line from John Donne ("For thee, thou need'st no such deceit, For thou thyself art thine own bait") because Hannibal, the pretentious prick, can never resist the opportunity to make a terrible joke.

But mostly, as with all these letters, it is simply a declaration of Hannibal's devotion, of his intense, helpless longing, of his ravenous hunger for Will. No more hiding behind veiled metaphors. Just a litany of "I love you. I love you. I love you."

It makes Will so angry he can barely breathe. His impulse is to tear it up, to burn it, to destroy it, in the same way he's destroyed all the others. But that doesn't feel like enough this time.

If Hannibal insists on depicting their "love" (he mentally spits out the word with disgust, at himself more than Hannibal) as sacred, then Will has no choice but to desecrate it.

Acting on impulse, he unzips his jeans, pushes down his boxers, and takes himself in hand. His palm is dry as he works it up and down his shaft. It's uncomfortable but he doesn't want to feel pleasure from this.

He closes his eyes, willing himself to get hard. He tries not to think of Hannibal. It's nonsensical, impossible, but he doesn't want Hannibal to have the satisfaction of knowing Will has imagined him in this way. And somehow Hannibal *would* know.

He imagines Molly on their bed, the bed he's sitting on now. Arching above him as he licks a bead of sweat from her throat. But the guilt of it, that he's using her for this too, makes him shudder. He forces himself to think of faceless women. Breasts, asses, cunts, hips.

But the barrage of images he conjures up isn't enough to prevent the one he is desperate not to see breaching his defences. Hannibal, as he last saw him, on his knees. On his knees for Will.

He bites his bottom lip hard enough to draw blood. The metallic taste of it, of wondering what it would be like to lick it from Hannibal's mouth, is enough to have him spilling into his

hand.

Panting, he picks up the letter, using it to wipe his hand clean, and smearing the words until they're an unintelligible mix of ink and cum. As a final touch he brings the entire mess up to his mouth, pressing his bloodied lips to it. He won't let himself call it a kiss.

He folds it haphazardly and stuffs it back into the envelope. He knows he can't post it to the BSHCI but oh how he wants to. But maybe, somehow, Hannibal already knows.

Maybe he knows that this is the only way Will can say "I love you too."

End Notes

For anyone who's interested, this is the poem Hannibal quotes in his letter. Because he's lovesick. And because he thinks Will will find the extended fishing metaphor funny. The dick.

The Bait
John Donne

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,
With silken lines, and silver hooks.

There will the river whispering run
Warm'd by thy eyes, more than the sun;
And there the 'enamour'd fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channel hath,
Will amorously to thee swim,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou, to be so seen, be'st loth,
By sun or moon, thou dark'nest both,
And if myself have leave to see,
I need not their light having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legs with shells and weeds,
Or treacherously poor fish beset,
With strangling snare, or windowy net.

Let coarse bold hands from slimy nest
The bedded fish in banks out-wrest;
Or curious traitors, sleeve-silk flies,
Bewitch poor fishes' wand'ring eyes.

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own bait:
That fish, that is not catch'd thereby,
Alas, is wiser far than I.

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